Why then theſe were not Fairies?
Miſ:Page. No ſir *Iohn*, but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrice in the minde
They were not, and yet the groſeneſſe
Of the foppery perſwaded me they were.
Well, if the fine wits of the Court heare this,
They'l ſo whip me with their keene ieaſts,
That they'l melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my greaſe. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I truſt me boyes Sir *Iohn*, and
I was alſo a Fairy that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the ſtart of me,
Am I written too with a welch goate?
With a peece of toaſted cheeſe?
Sir Hugh. Butter is better then cheeſe ſir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet ſir *Iohn*,
Ther's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it muſt be paid to M. *Feord* Sir *Iohn*.
Miſ:For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
Forgiue that ſum, and ſo wee'l all be friends.
For. Well here's my hand, all is forgiuen at laſt.
Fal. It hath coſt me well,
I haue beene well pinched and waſhed.
Enter the Doctor.
Miſ:Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne, be-gar you be de ville voman,
Be-gar I tinck to marry metres *Anne*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon Iack boy.
Miſ:Page. How, a boy?

Doct.

Doct. I be-gar a boy.
Page. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter is married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.
Enter Slender.
Now ſonne *Slender*, wher'es your Bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke there's neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that I haue: by God I could cry for very anger.
Page. Why what's the matter ſonne *Slender*?
Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your ſonne.
Page. No, why ſo?
Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue married.
Page. How, a boy? why did you miſtake the word?
Slen. No neyther, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and he cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hugh. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marry boyes?
Page. O I am vext at heart, what ſhall I do?
Enter Fenton and Anne Page.
Miſ.Pa. Here comes he that hath deceiu'd vs all,
How now daughter, where haue you bin?
Anne. At Church forſooth.
Page. At Church, what haue you done there?
Fen. Married to me, nay ſir neuer ſtorme,
Tis done ſir now, and cannot be vndone.
Foord. Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your ſelfe,
She hath made her choiſe wheras her hart was fixt,

Then